THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

VOL. III.—NO. 42. ONEIDA, N. Y., OCTOBER 17, 1878. $2.00 per year in Advance. Single copies Five Cents.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.
Published every Thursday.

JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES, . . EDITOR.
WILLIAM A. HINDS, . ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
F. WAYLAND-SMITH, . . BUSINESS MANAGER.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

One Year, $2.00; Six Months, $1.00.
Postage Free to Subscribers in the United States.
One Year to England, France, or Germany, postage included, $3.00.

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Single insertion, ten cents per line, Nonpareil scale; eight words making a line, and twelve lines an inch. Reduction for subsequent insertions. Send for special rates.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry, and surely a trustworthy witness for the point he makes. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are, as I was a year ago, misled by supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community, when it seems no more to be the organ of that body than though such body had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, with others, and find it "first best" of its class. Of all the *solidaire* Socialistic organs, it stands without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Old subscribers express enthusiastic appreciation of the paper, whenever they say any thing of its character; but it is evident that the hard times are bearing so heavily on the tax-burdened people, that they find it difficult to spare a dollar or two for a paper they really prize. Now and then an able-bodied man writes sending a dollar and apologizing for not sending two to pay for a full year, by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks! Others, yet worse off, ask us to give them a month or two more in which to prepare for a similar payment. Such letters touch us in a tender spot, and we shall do what we can, without actually entering on the credit system, to help bridge over present poverty. In a few instances wealthy readers of the SOCIALIST have sent five dollars or more to pay for the new volume, the amount in excess of two dollars being intended as a gift to us. Such cases are rare, but they suggest a method whereby the real spirit of Communism might act so as to relieve poor people and at the same time extend the circulation of our paper, notwithstanding the hard times. Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription, and who is interested in our cause, send the dollar to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would like the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack. There are plenty of men who can spare a dollar for such a cause as this, if they can but be appealed to. The success of any such plan depends on the earnestness with which our readers themselves will advocate and make it known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

The workingmen will urge Congress to aid industrial colonies to settle on government land.

Under date of Oct. 10th occur the following telegrams from England:

"Messrs. Greenwood of Blackburn are about to close their mills. More than half the factory population of Blackburn is unemployed without the slightest hope of improvement in business. The chances are that many other mills will shortly close. Great distress prevails."

"There have been 1,500 hands at the Sunnyside Mills at Bolton thrown out of employment in consequence of the strike of twisters."

A contributor to the Boston *Commonwealth*, under the *nom de plume* of "Jane Green," writes favorably of that peculiar Social organization known as "The Brotherhood of the New Life," having Societies at Fountain Grove, in Sonoma County, California, and at Salem-on-Erie, Chautauqua County, New York. She says:

"As far as we know, we have faith with these because we do not believe in the propagation of children, as, at the present time, physically, mentally and spiritually diseased, whose parents, whether high or low, are unable or unqualified to care for and educate them for good uses in the world, and who when grown up, and even before, will live for no other service than to prey on the community. The peopling of the world seems to us according to divine order only so far as it is a blessing individually and collectively, and in this light the efforts of parents to amass a fortune, merely to enable their children to live in idleness, is suggestive of evils to come scarcely less than that of sending them out from the dens of squalid want and crime."

"When a politician," says George Jacob Holyoake in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "The New Principle of Industry," "does not well know what to say against an adversary's measures, he calls them 'Socialistic'—a phrase which, to employ Grant Duff's happy phrase, is a good 'working bugbear.' In former days, when a clerical disputant met with an unmanageable argument, he said it was 'atheistic,' and then it was taken as answered. In these days the perplexed politician, seeing no answer to a principle pressing upon him, says it is 'Communistic.' He need give no reasons: the 'working bugbear' clears the field of adversaries, or prevents their being listened to."

The editor of *Appleton's Journal* calls attention to the "striking fact" that "Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, or whatever name it may be called," "flourishes really only in despotic countries, and soon languishes and withers when it comes in contact with real liberty;" but he does not, on the other hand, note the equally "striking fact" that what might be termed Constructive Communism, or that form which builds on the basis of an improved industrial, social and religious life, and asks no favor from State or government, prospers only in free countries, and has found its natural home in the United States. In fact, societies representing this form of Communism which have originated in the monarchical countries of Europe, as the Shakers, Harmonists, Separatists of Zoar, and Inspirationists of Amana, have had to emigrate to this country before they could achieve any success as Communistic Societies.

A HINT FOR SOCIALISTS.

The tendency of the times is towards Association. Notwithstanding the many failures of the past, the unsuccessful experiments of Owen, the Fourierists and others, the idea of a true social organization still haunts the foremost rank of minds, and will not soon be given up. All thinking men are sure there is an immense discovery to be made in that direction—that beyond the horizon of old usage lies a new social world, that only waits for some heaven-called Columbus to explore and lay open its golden treasures to mankind. Fourier and Owen, though among the boldest navigators of their day, did not reach it; they only brought back some of the driftwood-indications that go to confirm the universal instinct that there is land somewhere beyond the seas; and the general belief is that the new Hemisphere—the glorious tropics of Communism—still remain a secret beyond the reach of all their discoveries.

We infer that there will be made, from time to time, new trials and fresh explorations in this direction. Men of genius and enterprise, under the persuasion of a belief (which is perfectly rational) in the possibility of a better social state, will be likely to start theories and attempt experiments in Association and Communism. In the case of such attempts in future, the advice which experience suggests is to *begin small.* Persons should not think of gathering together, the first thing, a large mass of new material, as has been done heretofore; but let the experimentalist begin by taking a few neighbors or trustworthy friends and acquaintances, and let the experiment go on for some time between them. If he has made a valuable discovery in the science of Association, it can be tested in the union of two families as well as of a hundred; and if he has not, but is merely giving loose to a notion, it will be better to break down on this small scale than to have it any larger. If the small Association develops true principles, and shows itself practically successful, it will be easy to enlarge it by such gradual acquisition of new members as its strength and circumstances will afford. It seems a needless folly to commit large bodies of persons to the hazard of a new social experiment, when the fact is so evident that the solution of the whole problem depends on principles which may be tested on the smallest scale, perhaps even without going out of the sphere of the single family. What would make a true harmonic union of two families, or even of one family, rightly extended would make the union of a thousand; and, inversely, any plan which fails to work well with a few would work still worse in the case of a multitude. So that the field of discovery and experiment is open and easy to the hand of any who are ambitious to work at social reform. The greatest secrets of nature generally yield themselves out of the simplest elements; and so the whole law of social organization may be traced out in the relations of a very few individuals, truly adjusted to one another.

These suggestions correspond with the course that was taken by the Community movement with which we are connected. It commenced by the union of two or three families; and on that small scale the foundation principles of its present organization were all worked out and practically demonstrated. First, there was a union of faith; this led to a combination of households; and this again to the institution of criticism and the various belongings of Community life. Every step was worked out and thoroughly tested, in this primary way, as a question of principle, and without reference to numbers, present or prospective. Afterwards, as the school came naturally to increase in numbers, it was found that the same institutions and principles which had proved adequate to the association of a few were also good for the many. The mere growth of our Communities has always been an object of secondary interest—following at a respectful distance the primary solution of principles; and it is to this fact that they owe much of their prosperity.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES BY E. T. CRAIG.

XLIII.

That history of the Irish must be incomplete that fails to appreciate the conditions which have operated, through long ages of misgovernment, to make the people credulous and superstitious. To know them it is necessary to live among them and to obtain their confidence. Their practical shrewdness when in union with their credulity was, at first, somewhat inexplicable. The human mind, however, is so constituted that it must have some materials on which the imagination can dwell; if facts are not available, fiction must supply their place.

At Ralahine, in the long winter evenings, the young members would gather around the warm, glowing turf fire in the dining-hall, and recall the romantic stories they had heard in connection with local incidents or well-known legends of the district.

In those days newspapers, costing sixpence or eightpence each, were too expensive, if they could have read them. I seldom saw a newspaper among those that could read, and yet their local knowledge was extensive and their traditional history very remarkable.

In other countries the old fables and superstitions are dying out. Lancashire was once famous for legendary

stories, but in my young days I was only familiar with three genuine creations of fairy-land, and these were of very poor breed, and unpoetic in character, such as the Ghost, the Boggart, and Will-o-the-Wisp. At Lancaster, I was led to expect to meet the ghost in the church-yard, and the boggart in lonely, dark places. Many times, when allowed to wander along the long corridors and large assize courts of the Castle when empty, I have been startled by echoes that then were inexplicable. These phantasies are fast vanishing before the light of education, the turmoil of machinery, and the rushing flare of the railway engine. Bishop Corbett thinks that the pastimes of the fairies died out in England under the Protestant régime of Elizabeth.

"Witness these rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James came in,
They never danced on any heath,
As when the time hath bin."

But, although Elizabeth and Cromwell did their best to exterminate the old faiths in Ireland, they lingered in the wild regions of the South. The fairies held their revels about Ralahine as royally as ever. Their existence depending more on the imagination than the reason, there was no great likelihood of their immediate banishment from that neighborhood. There were no tall factory chimneys in those wild districts; no curious machinery to divert attention. The condition of the people harmonized with their popular superstitions. The character and state of the country, the round towers, deserted castles, and ruined abbeys, were congenial haunts for the wild sorceries and fairy mythology which were articles of faith among the peasantry. On wintry nights we could hear the wild roar of the mighty waves of the Atlantic Ocean dashing themselves against the rocky coast between Galway Bay and the mouth of the Shannon. It required but little fancy to people these districts with apparitions, which enter largely into the superstitions of uneducated people. The wild and desolate hills, covered in some parts with forest timber, and in others with treacherous bog, or masses of vegetable matter, the accumulation of ages, were the fit homes for the fickle spirits whose vocation was mischief or ill luck for their victims.

It was somewhat difficult to understand how the people could gather and remember their varied traditions and numerous stories, without admitting the influences of their ancient bards, but which the English banished as a dangerous political agent, and as Moore tells us,

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

The mendicant, the peddler and the story-teller now carry the gossip of the district. A musician attended twice a week at our dancing parties. In place of the old Irish harp he brought his music from the strings of the cremona. He often had a large budget of news to communicate, which was sometimes told in the native Irish language. He would recount stories which he had heard of unquiet spirits that found it impossible, for sundry unexplained reasons, to sleep in their graves, resorting at midnight to solitary places where the moonlight could never find them. He would relate stories of love, abduction and revenge, to the delight of the credulous and inquisitive.

The fairy-legends of Ireland are full of humanizing tenderness and wild, poetic beauty, which suit the lively temperament of the people. The origin of the name of the Shannon is connected with a legend. Long, long ago, one princess Seinin, the daughter of a King of Munster, virtuous and beautiful, was bathing in a lonely part of the Shannon, when she was surprised by some men. Her delicate feelings were so affected with shame and horror, that she immediately sunk beneath the waves; even before the blush of shame could rise to her cheeks she disappeared. Hence the name of the river.

Many of their fairy tales are very beautiful and touching, others are connected with their religious faith. Some of them have been enshrined in verse and wedded to music that will keep them fresh in the memory when traversing lands far away from their birth-place and the green isle of the ocean. It is a popular notion that when a baby smiles in its sleep, it is because angels are whispering to it. The fisherman's wife, while praying for her husband Dermot's return from the raging sea, talks, we are told, of

THE ANGELS' WHISPER.

Her beads while she number'd, her baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
Oh! blest be that warning, my child thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly my baby with me;
And say thou wouldst rather they watched o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

One of the characteristics of Irish melodies is the tender melancholy that prevades them. The legend of the daughter of Lir is united to a touching air well suited to the story of Fionnuala, who was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. This fanciful fiction was translated from an old manuscript in Irish, and Moore thus sings—

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose;
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping;
Still, doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

The air, "*Arrah, my dear Eveleen,*" to which the above musical words are united, is full of tenderness and exquisite pathos. I have heard it repeated many hundred times by one who learned it at Ralahine, and always with a melancholy pleasure arising from the associations of regret at the loss of the "day-star" in the abrupt termination of the Community, heightened and intensified by the silvery, touching cadences of the singer's voice. I have, however, known instances where persons who heard the melody for the first time were affected to tears, and others who have been compelled to leave the room to give vent to their emotions. Communism was the true day-star of Erin shining at Ralahine to "warm the isle with peace and love."

THE REMEDY AND A SURPRISE.

Finding that the people had no clear notions respecting certain natural phenomena, it occurred to me to supply the deficiency, for which purpose I arranged a series of simple experiments in chemistry and pneumatics, which afforded great amusement and instruction for the young and intelligent members of the Community. In illustrating the pressure and elasticity of the air, I made use of the air-pump. Placing an open glass vessel of about three inches' diameter on the plate, I requested a boy to put his hand on the top of it. I then exhausted the air, and told them that in consequence of some fifteen pounds' weight resting on every inch on the upper side of the hand the boy could not remove it, as the pressure beneath was removed. The expansibility of the air was also shown, and great surprise was manifested when changes were seen to go on within the glass bell receiver, and yet no agency visible to their senses or understanding. In fact, the minds of the elderly people had no mental ground, as it were, to rest on, beyond their acquaintance with their superstition and belief in fairies, charms and necromancy. The old widow, who, although the mother of six of the young people among the audience, had but a very limited knowledge of the English language, began to mutter in Irish in expression of her fears of what she beheld. Her small and sunken eyes seemed ready to start out of her small head with surprise and terror. I varied the experiments in the hope that she might be amused if not enlightened. The terrified soul could not bear it any longer; she suddenly rose from her seat and ran out of the lecture hall, declaring that I had "dealings with the devil." One of the cows became dry about this time, and this was attributed to the experiments I had made, showing my acquaintance with the black art, which could only be known through dealings with his Satanic majesty. The dairy woman was advised to get some "holy water" and besprinkle the horns of the cow to remove any influence I had exercised.

This experience was suggestive. In the future I confined my philosophical teachings and experiments to lectures adapted for the young members. The fairy lore and legends must die off with the old superstitions, while education, railways, and the wonders of modern inventions awaken inquiry and supply materials of thought to the young, who may gratify their ideality with the marvels of science instead of the fictions of fairy land and the phantoms of superstition.

"HOME LIFE OF BROOK FARM."

I.

Brook Farm has a perennial interest, and the series of articles begun in the October *Atlantic* is sure to prove attractive to a large number of readers. The author of them lived at the Association nearly four years, and will tell what she knows of its life, while regretting that some one "who better comprehended all the machinery which kept the wheels going through many trying vicissitudes" has not attempted "to bring its interior life to view." We will content ourselves with such extracts from the series, as they appear from month to month, as seem most striking and interesting.

WHY THE AUTHOR JOINED THE ASSOCIATION.

What was my object in joining this Association is of no consequence; I am not writing my own life, and those who were its leaders were calculated to have much more influence on the world than my insignificant self. No matter if I even thought that the whole nation would be charmed by our simple, unobtrusive life, and that in time it would all resolve itself into Associations of which ours should take the lead. I know there were many with us who felt that the world must come to us, and that we should, in a more gentle manner than the chosen people of old, gather unto us the possessions of the Amorites and the Canaanites, and that our laws and government should extend and finally annihilate the existing executive of the country. Perhaps even wilder and bolder visions passed before our eyes ere our final dismemberment.

EXTERNALS.

When I first entered Brook Farm the Hive was a common-sized house with two rooms on either side the front door and two others back of them. The front door was but little used, there being a more convenient one between the two rooms, on the side of the drive-way or avenue, by which we always entered, being nearer the refectory, which was the back room on that side of the building. The front room was the common parlor for the dwellers in the house, and was also used for the reception of strangers. Back of the dining-room was the kitchen, not large, and connected with it were the pantry and a room used for a laundry, but rather circumscribed in its proportions. The chambers above were used as sleeping apartments for the inmates of the house, and as there were many residents at the Hive, I need not say no one could have the luxury of a separate room, excepting one scholar who was an invalid. When we began to increase our numbers we had also to increase our accommodations; the Hive received many additions, and the existing interior was much altered. The front and back rooms were thrown into one, making a long and convenient dining-room. The kitchen was much enlarged, and the laundry appointments made suitable to our increased population. More sheds for farming and domestic use were erected, and rooms were built over them, which gave us many more dormitories. The dwellers here were principally those whose domestic avocations were chiefly in that house. After the admission of mechanics to the Association, the greater number of them lived at the Hive, especially those with families, the apartments being more convenient for their use. It was the only eating-house on the place, and was of course the only cooking establishment. Our food was very plain, but good; we did not always have fresh meat, but we became accustomed to the privation, and really enjoyed whatever was placed before us. Brook Farm brewis has always been a pleasant remembrance to me, and I even yet indulge occasionally in a good breakfast of it. Our head farmer, with his family, resided at the Hive during all my stay at Brook Farm, and was one of its most conspicuously attractive inhabitants. There was a small terraced flower garden near the house which led to the brook that gave the name to the place. A long ridge, crowned with a pleasant grove, looked down upon it, and between it and the house a large elm spread its grateful shade around. It was the only spot on my first arrival which had any appearance of having been cultivated with an eye to adornment, and its natural advantages added much to its beauty.

NOT A COMMUNITY.

Brook Farm was an Association, not a Community. The members were not called upon to divide their worldly possessions among their associates, but all contributed such portion as they thought they could afford towards the support of the institution. There were many who had nothing to give, but no distinction was made amongst the members; all met on an equality, and in reality it was just that it should be so, for worldly advantages were overcome by useful labor. Each on his application for admittance was received on probation. I think three months was the time designated, and then the established members met in council and discussed the merits of the applicants, and whether their admission would be beneficial to the Association. A vote was then taken, and if I remember rightly two-thirds were necessary for an affirmation. I suppose all had very much the same feelings as myself when they knew they were to go before this awful tribunal; and if any one had told me three months previous that I should have waited in trembling fear for its decision, I could not have believed it of myself. A change had been wrought in me which even now, after the lapse of so many years, seems little less than magical. Naturally exclusive and fastidious, a spell was woven around me which entered into my very heart and led me to nobler and higher thoughts than the world ever gave me. I was not even then in my early youth, but I felt the influence of a vigor and freshness the remembrance of

which still clings to me after nearly forty years have passed away.

AMUSEMENTS.

As Christmas approached it became a question as to how we should celebrate it; after much grave deliberation a fancy party was suggested, and the chiefs were applied to for their consent, which I need not say was easily obtained. We certainly had no idea of extending our invitations beyond the limits of the place, and our ingenuity was exerted to produce the costumes in which to make our appearance. Everything which could furnish even a remote idea of what we wished to represent was called into requisition, and the preparation became a great amusement to us. Our simple ideas, alas! were doomed to fade away before the magnificence of some of our pupils, who even hired costumes from the theatres. I must here remark that our own manufactured costumes eclipsed, with their simple classic taste, the tawdry finery of the stage. Our little festival becoming known to some of our outside friends, invitations were asked for, and our visitors added much to the brilliancy of our entertainment. Hamlet was well represented in his customary suit of black velvet; Greeks and Circassians figured largely, and even an Indian left his native forests for our amusement. Little Nell and her grandfather moved quietly through the scene, and Spanish bolero dancers performed wonderful evolutions. Altogether it was a success and enjoyed by all immensely. Fancy balls were not as common then as now, and I doubt whether any of us had assisted at one before. Little dances were common among us, and very short notice was given when one was to take place. Ball dresses were unknown, and a knot of ribbon was often the only adornment added to our usual dress. Having so many young people under our charge, these little recreations were almost a necessity, and the enjoyment was quite as great as if we had been dressed in the finest Paris robes, and had entered the ball room at ten instead of leaving it at that hour. With our early morning habits, late evening parties, as a general rule, were out of the question, and excepting on the occasion of our fancy ball, I never knew them extended beyond ten o'clock. Our usual social intercourse was principally confined to the Aerie, where Mr. and Mrs. R. resided, and where every evening were collected those who wished to hear or themselves take a part in the pleasant and often brilliant conversation of many of our associates. Music, too, lent its charm to these reunions, and I need not say that the Aerie was seldom lonely.

FUNDAMENTALS AGAIN.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—One would naturally expect that the SOCIALIST, which took a portion of its salutatory from the *Harbinger*, and announced itself as prepared to give all sides a fair hearing, would take especial pains to know what it was that attracted the attention and obtained the assent of the men who edited the *Harbinger* and belonged to the school founded by Fourier, whose disciples both here and in France were among the clearest intellects of the day. We have a right to expect more from such a source than from Prof. Sumner, who "has scraped together a jumble of ideas and labeled them 'Socialism;'" but even as he has treated Socialism, so have you treated Fourier.

Why should you look to the Cyclopedia for your knowledge of Fourier, and despair of obtaining any better results from your own original study? Would you be satisfied to have your views criticised from newspaper paragraphs or Cyclopedia articles by one who despaired of better results from his original study of your works? Ought a political economist to be content to read the article on "Adam Smith" in the Cyclopedia to the neglect of original study of the works themselves?

Your own answer is that the Professor's method affords a "cheap way of casting ridicule," and every one who comprehends the vast scope of Fourier's ideas will confirm my statement that no adequate conception of the value of his contributions to Social Science can be got short of the study of his own writings, and every man who has mastered Fourier's teachings will agree that he was well repaid for his labor.

Whoever will do himself the justice to comprehend Fourier before criticising him will only wonder that his disciples speak of him with so much moderation, and will realize that no man has yet appeared who is able successfully and gracefully to take the attitude of condescending patronage toward him.

Of course one may be so thoroughly satisfied that he has received the truth and the whole truth, as not to care to study the works of any man. No one is obliged to know anything of Fourier, but if he knows nothing he should say nothing.

As to my own views with regard to Love and Friendship: I recognize of course a connection quite real and important between the two passions; but in my previous article I was pointing out a discrimination which I thought had been neglected by some persons at least. Friendship between persons of opposite sexes has almost always a shade of love, and love to be permanent must have as its foundation friendship. Nevertheless, they are not to be confounded, but to be harmonized, each best in its own proper place, and incapable of taking the place of the other. Friendship is no doubt a "major" and love a "minor" passion, and in an orderly society love may in a certain sense be said to be subordinate to friendship, but it is not order through repression that we want, but harmony through expression. No man or society can be made healthy or holy by leveling down; it is educating, or leveling up, that redeems man and society.

As to whether Fourier was right in his deductions from analogy, that man would have a decline as well as a rise and maturity in his career, I did not say anything in my former article, which was written for another purpose. If analogy does, as I believe, furnish the key to the mysteries of the universe, it is not the question whether given results are dismal, but whether they are *true.*

Neither did I see that the duration of the life of the race on this planet necessarily has any bearing on the question of personal immortality. From the nature of the case it is and must be impossible to prove personal immortality; and probably because the faith in it is emotional and not rational it is equally impossible to disprove it. Fourier had a theory of bicomposite immortality which satisfied him and may satisfy others, but his theories or feelings about immortality have little to do with the introduction of justice and harmony into our social relations on this earth to-day. What we need is to believe in the unity of interests of mankind on the earth, and to work so as to organize our industrial and social affairs in accordance with love and wisdom, instead of antagonism and ignorance.

It is certain that the tendency of scientific thought to-day is to substitute the idea of the immortality of the race for that of personal immortality, as a tangible and provable reality; and I think that the reality will tend much more than the old ideality to develop high types of men and women, which I believe is the end to be attained.

F. S. C.

MORE FOR FOURIER.

Vineland, Oct. 4, 1878.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—Your interpretation of the passage of my letter of the 16th ult. that caused the expenditure of so much professional time, wit and wisdom is essentially the one intended. Had you, however, embraced the idea of everlasting companionship or copartnership, your conclusion would have been wholly correct. You have simply to consider the earth as itself an organized being, endowed *with a soul of its own*, in order to find a ground of reconciliation between the analogies of growth, maturity, decay and death, and immortality. Fourier represents the earth as possessing a planetary soul, imperishable at the decease of terrestrial functions, then taking on some higher form, again to begin an advanced life, in turn to grow mature, decay and die, and so on forever. And through all these successions of planetary movement the human race has alliance and home with the earth, "the *mother* of us all."

Perhaps a more convincing statement, because presenting a point or element consubstantial with the law of the series, is this of Fourier's theory of transitions. Every group and every series has its *tie* with some group below and above in the order. Most of these connections in gradation may be simple and obvious, while others are complex, obscure, strange, *ambiguous.* It is in application of these ambiguous facts and phenomena of order in utilizing these good-for-nothing elements of nature and society, by attributing to them the jurisdiction of universal agreement, that Fourier's genius for discovery, analysis and synthesis shows itself, and justifies the title of "remarkable." Death, then, according to Fourier, is the extremity of the descending scale of life, and only marks the passage or introduction to a renewed and advanced existence.

Now, I believe, as I suggested in my previous communication, that if you had been less intent on finding an antagonism to the instinct of individual perpetuity in the exposition by the Cyclopedist of the serial laws, you could not have inferred that the passage, "The human race, however, will not perish, but by a series of bicomposite transmigrations attain to immortality in other spheres," was prompted by any disposition of its author to mitigate disheartening views of Fourier's system; but you must have seen that this sentence *closed the exposition itself.* In such a contingency, viz., not supremely urged to vital disagreement with the mind of Fourier, you might have taken a hint to investigate the signification of the terms "bicomposite transmigrations" as originated by him. In doing so you would have discovered that this teaching of Fourier was not "set up," (your Cyclopedist had already told you that "Fourier was rigidly true to his method in all departments of inquiry, and applied it with the most intrepid and unhesitating fidelity, whatever the conclusions to which it might lead,") in order to escape any logical consequence of the serial law, however dismally it might cut off individual immortality, but, that the theory of composite immortality, or human transmigration, originated in the *application* of the serial law to certain human instincts, notably to the universal expectancy of a conscious existence after death equally combined with the collective desire to share the fortunes of the race, here and hereafter.

By regarding the sentence quoted, as a part of the general exposition, you might have been led to discover that Fourier's metempsychosis differs essentially from the Oriental or Grecian doctrines, in that it *does* "carry forward consciousness and memory;" that it *does* "keep up a personal continuity of future existence," and preserve therein, in intense degree, the remembrance of preëxistences.

As to the identifying of Fourier's doctrine of immortality with that of the so-called Positive Philosophers, I imagine that his antipathy to an impersonal future existence would have been as marked as your antipathy, and would have shown itself by criticism against its unscientific character, as severely as were those that he passed against Owen and his doctrines of common property, common marriage, omission of public worship, and absence of progressive societary methods.

In the light of these explanations I will leave it with you to reconstruct the annotated sentence—only adding that as the part containing "dose of attraction" is parenthetical and not directly pertinent to the main subject, any further use of your columns on these especial topics better await your wishes.

Now, as to your charge of mysticism, it is apparent to me, at least, that you have unjustly confounded this characteristic of a system with the literary one of *mistiness.* The latter, considering my mistaken estimate of your knowedge of Fourier's works, I readily admit, but the former is applicable to his teachings on Universal Unity, only as the charge of mysticism may be brought, and as the so-called Positive scientists do bring it, against every system, and as to this against the sanity of every individual, that makes simple and "noble faith in the goodness and wisdom of God and his creature, man" (Mr. Cabot might have added that Fourier's faith in the teachings of Jesus was quite as absolute), a fundamental of philosophic integrity. You have only to turn to the letter of your Belgian correspondent to substantiate this remark.

Messrs. Editors, I learned during the New England Transcendental Period, that it was not rationally safe to conclude against the author's theory, or system, or doctrine, by another's partial expositions, no matter how sympathetic. Especially did I learn at this time of intuitional afflatus, that from an incomplete study of the author, it was a rational outrage to impose a meaning on his own views, held and asserted by him contrariwise.

Respectfully, D. F. MORRILL.

REVIEW NOTES.

A NEW THEORY OF LIFE AND SPECIES. By J. B. Pool, West Pittsfield, Mass. Nantucket: Hussey & Robinson, Printers, 1878. 16 mo., pp. 48.

This is another attempt at solving the great problem of the existence of life in the world, and the author seems to have settled the matter to his satisfaction, and, let us hope, to the satisfaction of his readers. His theory is, in brief, that all terrestrial life is the result of the infiltration into the world of spiritual germs, from the spiritual world, which have developed and fructified and finally reached their present condition of diversity and maturity. To the question where these spiritual germs had their origin, he replies that spirit life is eternal, and forms a never-failing reservoir, from which all demands for the stocking of new worlds may be supplied. This is a rather plausible theory, on the whole, and though unsupported by anything in the shape of proof, ought certainly to satisfy such persons as are unwilling to accept either the doctrine of spontaneous generation, or of the creative power of the Almighty.

The Spiritual Germ theory, however, makes it such an admirably easy thing to furnish new supplies of life wherever they are wanted, that it has tempted our author to extend his speculations a little beyond their logical termination; seemingly with a view to show with what facility dead worlds can be vivified and revivified. For example, he thinks that the sun has been in the habit of occasionally getting cold or lukewarm, in consequence of which the earth would naturally become covered with ice, and all life would be extinguished; and then after a while the sun would become hot again,

and the world once more inhabitable. This, he maintains, has occurred several times; and while, according to the ordinary conception of the matter, the continuity of mundane life must have been fatally broken by such a succession of glacial periods, and therefore could only be resumed by a succession of creations *de novo*, his own theory provides for the preservation of all life in its present forms in some spiritual nook or other during the epochs of refrigeration, and their transplantation back again to this world, when the climatic conditions became adequate for their existence.

So long as our knowledge of these matters must remain quite imperfect, and all our conceptions partake largely of the nature of theory, we do not see but this theory will do as well as any other. All pure theories are of the nature of guess-work, and unless a person guesses something too inherently improbable to deserve serious consideration, we have no desire to disturb his imaginations by adverse comment. To be sure, we have our doubts whether the earth has been peopled and re-peopled several times, but we cannot demonstrate the contrary, and so will not attempt to inoculate any one with our disbelief. We might say the same in regard to the author's evident belief that trees and plants have something of the nature of souls, as well as men and women. But be this as it may, we should no doubt agree with him in the belief that spiritual agencies have a more wide-spread and universal effect on the phenomena pertaining to the visible world than is generally understood, and that a careful study of the action of these invisible forces is something which no wise man should neglect.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1878.

☞ The date at the end of the quotation on the *Geologic Devil* in our last should be 1866 instead of 1876.

We give place to more communications from the defenders of Fourier. It is unpleasant to be accused of prejudice and unfair treatment, after our ill-paid liberality to Mr. Brisbane; but we suppress reply which would be easy, lest we should provoke more complaint. We hope to be excused from further controversy in this quarter.

Some useful results seem to have come from our poking into the Cyclopedia's account of Fourier's eschatology. It has at least brought out from Mr. Morrill a clear statement of Fourier's real doctrine of man's conscious immortality by transmigration, which was left quite obscure if not entirely out of sight in the Cyclopedia. We notice, however, *per contra*, that Mr. Cabot is less zealous than Mr. Morrill for Fourier's orthodoxy on the point of conscious immortality; and we judge that he may be floating with the tide of scientific thought which he says is setting against that doctrine. We judge also that the "*ensouling*" of the earth and the "intrepid" application to it of the great serial law of rise, maturity and decline, followed by transmigration and immortality, is not likely to strengthen the parallel doctrine of man's conscious immortality in the estimation of the average thinker. Analogy thus applied will seem almost fanciful enough to imply insanity, and will cast plentiful doubt on all the lucubrations that accompany it.

We are pleased to think that our little note of good-natured fun over Mr. Morrill's mysterious paragraph has improved his style. His present letter is comparatively clear and evinces ability which we covet for our columns.

We beg our Fourierite friends not to think we are entirely deficient in original study of Fourier or destitute of the means of such study. We have a fair outfit of his works, and long ago gave them some attention—as much as we thought they deserved in the multiplicity of other calls of the same kind.

SLADE'S NEW FACT.

The account of Dr. Slade's Spiritualistic successes in Germany, given on another page, is unusually interesting for many reasons. It is translated from a scientific work lately published by one of the leading Professors of the Leipsic University, and comes apparently with the prestige of several other Professors of that very distinguished seat of German learning. Readers who remember how Slade was driven out of England in disgrace by the London Professors will be surprised at the contrast of treatment which he met with among the Continental Scientists.

The point of greatest interest to us is in the last experiment, where a phenomenon entirely new even to Slade and his "spirits" seems to have been obtained. Writing in a closed book-slate with a piece of pencil between the leaves, is an old performance; but an impression of a man's foot made in the same closed space, is new and apparently more difficult. This feat would seem to require that the foot which makes the impression should pass through the upper slate and yet press on the lower one; which in fact is implied in Prof. Zöllner's statement that he felt "the slate upon his knees pressed down without the slightest visible cause." But he seems to have coolly expected success in spite of Slade's opinion that it was impossible; and his faith was due to his confidence in a curious theory about "the fourth dimension of space" which is having a run in the scientific world. We have but a feeble inkling as to the nature and grounds of this theory, and should be pleased to have an exposition of it from some expert.

We notice that William Spottiswoode, F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L., etc., President of the *British Association*, in his inaugural Address to a late meeting of that body at Dublin, devoted a considerable section of his very profound and comprehensive discourse on Mathematics to what he calls "*Manifold Space;*" and in the course of his remarks on that subject alludes twice to something which seems to connect with Prof. Zöllner's "four dimensional" theory. These allusions are as follows:

* * * "It has recently been shown that in four dimensions a closed material shell [such as an India-rubber balloon] could be turned inside out by simple flexure without either stretching or tearing, and that in such a space it is impossible to tie a knot."

* * * "When space already filled with material substances is mentally peopled with immaterial beings, may not the imagination be regarded as having added a new element to the capacity of space, a fourth dimension, of which there is no evidence in experimental fact?"

According to the account of Slade's last performance Prof. Zöllner believes in the actual existence of these "four dimensional beings," and did obtain evidence of them "in experimental fact."

SHALL THE SPIRITS TESTIFY?

It occasionally happens nowadays that an important lawsuit involves evidence of a Spiritualistic nature. For example, the contestants who are trying to break the will of old Commodore Vanderbilt take the ground that he was a believer in Spiritualism, and that he was unduly influenced by the advice of alleged spirits in the disposal of his vast property. In such a case it is apt to be assumed that any one who believes in Spiritualistic phenomena is unbalanced in his mind and incapable of managing his affairs with ordinary care and good judgment. It is natural that the dissatisfied heirs of the Commodore should take this position, but it is difficult to see how they can sustain an argument on it, as the disposition of his wealth is the only act complained of, and aside from that it is admitted that he managed his affairs with extraordinary shrewdness. Another example is that of the trial of Rev. Mr. Hayden, a Methodist minister of Madison, Conn., for the murder of a young woman named Mary Stannard. In this case the lawyers for the prosecution have obtained important information relative to the place of the crime and the manner in which it was committed, through a clairvoyant physician, a Dr. Hunt of Fair Haven. He described the location, dress of the murderer, etc., while in a trance, and with such accuracy that the hard-headed lawyers think it is really very astonishing. A reporter for the New York *Herald* heard Dr. Hunt give the description, and took down his words in short-hand as follows:

"I saw that I was taken into a country place. I saw woods—a road—corn and potato fields; I saw a spring and a big rock. And then this man—Oh! this man! (The hands of the medium struggled convulsively over his face as if to shut out some horrid vision.) He was at first alone and quite a distance from this place. He came nearer; then there were two; one of them was a female; they sat down; at first the conversation was quiet; the woman became earnest; the man became angry; he picked up a stone; I saw it; it was sharp. (The hands of the speaker again trembled as they rested over the eyes.) He struck her down; there was something of a struggle; it was not severe; it was done very quick—very quick; he threw it away, but there was blood, blood on the stone; I saw the woman on the ground; she lay still; he cut her throat with a sharp instrument; then the man took a circuitous route! he had on a slouch hat; I think it was of straw; a checkered shirt and dark clothes—as they looked to me a sort of dark color; he went to the brook or spring and washed his hands; he had a knife; it looked like a pocket-knife, which he washed in the water; then I saw him move on. It appeared singular that such a circumstance should occur in a place like that; one would not be looking for it at all. There seemed to be a good deal of aggravation and excitement between this man and that woman. Now who the man was of course I do not know; nor do I know who the woman was, but there had been quite an intimacy between them. Trouble appeared to be growing out of that intimacy, and the man showed a strong determination to cover it up—that is, to prevent exposure. (All this spoken very deliberately, as if the words themselves were painful in finding utterance.")

Whatever may be thought of the credibility of such evidence at the present day, this case furnishes a strong hint at what may possibly be awaiting evil-doers in the future. The manifestations purporting to be the work of spirits are being more and more strictly scanned, with a view to separating the false from the true. And some of the manifestations stand the scrutiny even of scientific experts, and must be considered true and reliable. Suppose it shall be found before long that spirits are able to expose all sorts of crime and rascality—to point out dishonest and violent persons in such a way that their real characters shall appear to all men and they stand convicted by their own secret acts? Would not that be a day of judgment to this world? Would there not be wailing and gnashing of teeth, even in the fashionable streets of some of our large cities? Such a thing is not impossible, and, judging by the present progress of communication with extra-mundane intelligences, it will certainly not be a foolish thing for every one to prepare for it.

A FREE PRESS.

The American people glory in the freedom of the press; and there is just cause. In no other country of the world, perhaps, is the press so free to discuss all subjects—to canvass the merits of every political candidate—to investigate every dogma—to censure all who are in authority—to propose and advocate new measures. In many countries editors and authors must conform to the opinions of those who rule in church and state, on peril of having their publications at any moment suppressed. It is one of the best indications of the progressed civilization of the American people, that no such censorship would here be permitted. The rights of free utterance are zealously guarded by all the conflicting parties and sects, no one of whom would dare propose to restrict the "inalienable rights" of the people in this respect. Only in a time of national peril has any attempt been made to exercise such restraint; and even then it by no means met with general favor.

But great as the attainments are which have been made in this direction by the people of the United States, still greater are in store. The press here is far from being free in the absolute sense. It is handicapped in many ways, and the utterance of truth constantly thwarted, in spite of all our boasting of free thought, free speech, and a free press.

My radical friend, Alexander, is very earnest on this subject; and though he sometimes expresses himself too strongly, he often hits the nail on the head. Witness the following sentences, which he threw at me the other day, appearing almost angry in his warmth:

"Freedom of the press! I tell you the press is not free—even in this free country. Nearly every paper is the organ of some sect, party, or interest; and is bound to represent in all cases its employers. The newspapers free! They are free to abuse one another, but show me one of any considerable influence that is free to speak the truth without reference to any man or body of men. Editors independent! They are nearly to a man dependent on their subscribers, and cater to their wishes as a French cook caters to the appetites of his employers. Money is the curse of literature, as it is of nearly everything else. Editors and authors inquire, What will please? What will sell? What will make my paper or book popular, and give it a large circulation? They do not inquire, What can I say for the cause of truth—of progress—of God? A free press! There never will be a free press until it is made independent of money—till editors and authors cease to write with their eye on filthy lucre or vulgar fame. Why, Sir, your large religious papers, which should speak as in the fear of God, are often prostituted to mammon—often dependent on advertisements for their very existence! How can a man write the truths of heaven or earth when such is the fact? or when he has to keep ever on the guard against saying anything that may possibly offend some of his readers?"

"But," I suggested, "you would not prevent writers from seeking to please their readers."

"I only affirm," he replied, "that the desire to speak the truth should ever be paramount; the desire to please will be all the more beautiful, and successful, too, in the long run, for acting in subordination to it. At present the true order of this duality is reversed; that which should be secondary and accessory has become first and indispensable."

"True; but so long as men live by writing, will not authors be under so strong an inducement to please that a truly free press will be nearly impossible?"

"Yes; but the time will come when a class of writers

will arise who will write independently of the question whether their literary labors will replenish their purses."

"But will there remain sufficient inducement to such a class, should it ever appear, to stimulate their best endeavors?"

"Inducement! Is human nature so poor that mercenary reward is essential to the development of its powers? Far be the thought! On the contrary, let us rather say, its highest, noblest elements are inaccessible to such considerations; and that the purest, best results of talent and genius will be produced only under the impulse of the highest and purest motives."

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—The tints are lovely.

—The corn keeps well thus far. No "swelled heads."

—Ditching, for the purpose of conveying to the reservoir the water from a new spring, which is expected to more than double our supply.

—Apple-preserving is going on at the Fruit Factory. Some of our folks have invented a machine which cores and quarters and slices the apples as fast as two machines can pare them.

—Type-setting has long been a means of practical education to the young people of the Community. Mr. Warne, the children's tutor, has introduced the art among the school exercises. He has two cases in the recitation room, and though what the children do is of no present value, the types and boxes make spelling and punctuation attractive to them.

—The other day the farmers bought a two-year-old heifer for beef and put her in the pasture with the other cows; but when the steward sent in his order she was among the missing:

"They sought her that night,
They sought her next day,
They sought her in vain
Till a week passed away,"

although some traces were found of the probable course she had taken. Doctor Hunt is rather too far away to consult in such an emergency, but we have a Doctor of our own who is something of a clairvoyant—especially in regard to things that are lost. The facts about the heifer were placed before him one evening, and on waking next morning his second sight revealed to him a red heifer feeding on a side-hill in a pasture which he described quite minutely, but could not locate. Our stock-man started off again with this clue, and before night found the creature leisurely ruminating in exactly such a pasture as the Doctor described, eleven miles from here. When she left our place she took a bee line for her old home, over fences and hills, through fields and forests; but when within three-quarters of a mile of her goal she was turned aside by dogs, and so ran on two miles farther to the meadow in which she was found.

—Paragraph from the letter of an old Brook-Farmer who recently visited the O. C.:

"Dear Friends:—Since the time of our visit to your happy home, my thoughts have frequently, I might say constantly, reverted to the many novel scenes and enjoyable experiences of that visit, and I cannot refrain, if I would, from saying a few words to you as a body.

"Let me say, that not a day has elapsed since my leaving our most happy and beautiful life at Brook Farm that I have not gone back in memory to that truer form of life, and longed, with a longing that comes with absolute confidence in the ultimate establishment of combined homes, to see such another home; and when I saw in yours so much that was not only reminding of Brook Farm, but far in advance of the best that ordinary society furnishes, you may *imagine*, you cannot *know*, the overwhelming happiness that streamed into my soul.

"Remember, too, that at Brook Farm we were, as I intimated, very poor; and that instead of growing richer in worldly things, we grew poorer and poorer, though I believe we did grow steadily richer in spiritual things; and although this increasing poverty did not interfere but little with our happiness, it prevented my seeing what a home of this kind would be when prosperity had come to it.

"I am more impressed than ever, since visiting you, that there is a grave responsibility resting upon you, and that you have a great mission to perform. The civilized world may be said to be looking at you, many desirous of your failure, many more anxious for your most complete success and triumph. If you will persevere in your search for truth, ready always to follow wherever she leads, regardless of all else, an unparalleled honor and success await you.

"Delighted beyond measure, as I should be, were circumstances propitious, to live once more in a 'Combined Home,' I am yet more anxious that the immense superiorities of this form of life should be adequately set before an anxious and waiting world; and it will be a pleasure for me to coöperate with you and all others in that work to the utmost of my ability."

CEREBRUM ABDOMINALE.

XXX.

We alluded in a back number to a time several years ago when the subject of this series was a particular study in the O. C. About the same date appeared two little articles in the Community periodical touching the subject, which we think will do to reproduce. The first is from an eccentric pen, with a signature not unknown to the readers of the Socialist. The second appeared in a column of "Community Gossip."

FREAKS OF PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

By weighing himself occasionally, or by going into a a crowd where some of the men are taller or shorter or stouter or thinner than he, a man comes at last, I think, to a pretty fair consciousness of his physical self. Let us suppose him to be five feet seven inches in height, one hundred and thirty pounds in weight, with a twenty-two-inch, story-and-a-half head. Something like that is my idea of myself. But on two or three occasions I have had a notion of my physical volume that was quite different from the facts. Some part of my body—I use this word here to designate the visible part of me—would suddenly acquire a thousand-fold magnitude.

I might speak of the time when a man is conscious of nothing but his nerves, and thinks he is a tangled heap of strings all snapping and twanging; I might speak of him when he is conscious of nothing but his bones, and wonders that he doesn't rattle when he turns over; or when he is full of joy and thinks he is as light as a feather; or when he is full of indignation and is sure that he weighs a ton; or when he has had a word go through him like a needle from breast to back, leaving two minute punctures and two little drops of blood. These doubtless belong to the same class of phenomena, but I will let them pass, and then go on with my two experiences.

The first time I ever had a formal criticism I was surprised to find that my head had suddenly enlarged and was reaching up to the ceiling. It was fully six feet in diameter. But on hunting for my real head I found that, too, and for awhile I had two heads, one within the other. I presume at that time the immaterial part of me had massed itself chiefly about my head, and so I was made conscious of that part when my critics came to touch me with their attention. I was in reality a little fellow with a head as big as a two-bushel basket, and going around on a pair of legs like candle-rods. I have concluded that the invisible part or spirit of a man is a wisp of cloud of variant size and proportions which sometimes masses itself about the brain, and sometimes about the organs of sex, and sometimes about that intermediate organ called the heart. In perfectly harmonious or symmetrical characters this cloud or *nimbus* envelops the whole line—right wing, left wing and center—and the person becomes a well-rounded oval or egg-shaped body. This is a theory that will account for anything you see in all the attractions and repulsions of social life.

When I am real well I feel bigger than Uncle Heman, and he weighs more than two hundred pounds and doesn't feel big at all. Now that remark needs to be connected with what I have said above and with what I am going to say below.

I at one time had been going along without any very satisfactory emotional life—my nimbus had gone I know not where—when one night I was awakened by a very pleasant fullness and motion in the heart. I am now speaking somewhat vaguely of the whole thoracic region. The great strings were thrumming solemnly like those of a "double-bass," and the little ones peeped and twittered in a chirpy, frisky manner. I was what you call enjoying myself. My body seemed as big as a barrel—big as Daniel Lambert's, and it was only by feeling of my chest and arms that I could convince myself of my true proportions. All this while my heart, or deeper spot of consciousness, felt like some very small point, scarcely larger than a barleycorn, and in it was a wild farrago of musical words, and a sense of being near the blessed God. A. B.

Let nobody say this is mysticism till they have tried to understand the "fourth dimensional" theory which occupies the great minds of the day.

"A PAIN ACROSS ME."

It is said that the semi-lunar ganglion or "material base of the heart," as some one has called it, is disproportionately large in children, that is, it is large compared with their brains; a fact which we put out here as an introduction to the following little story, just dropped into our hands by one of the women in the nursery:

"Yesterday little Elinor [she is the great granddaughter of Father Nash of revival memory, and is three years old New Year] came running into the East Room crying bitterly. 'Aunt Ellen,' said she, 'I feel bad.' 'Do you?' said I, 'What is the matter? where about do you feel bad?' 'In my Christ; I feel bad in my Christ,' she sobbed, putting her hand on her stomach. [She had been taught that Christ is in her heart.] Just then Miss Chloe came in, and I asked her what she supposed ailed Elinor. 'I don't know,' said she, 'unless it is that I met her in the other room just now with playthings that she had been told not to carry away from this room. I asked her what made her bring the playthings out, and she said she didn't; she found them there. I supposed that was so, and said no more, but perhaps she didn't tell the truth.' 'Elinor,' said Miss Chloe, 'did you carry the things away?' 'Yes ma'am,' said Elinor, and her sobs grew uncontrollable. We saw the matter now; her little conscience was pricked by the falsehood she had told, and her aching heart found relief in tears and confession."

Elinor's bad feeling reminds us of a story in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year or two ago, called "Aunt Rosy's Chest." The title bears a double sense, Aunt Rosy's "thoracic region" as well as a great catch-all of a chest Aunt Rosy kept in her room, and in which lay hid the secret of her strange experience, related by the writer. It is a story of Carolina in old times. Aunt Rosy is a negro nurse with all the possible virtues of a negro nurse, gigantic and strong, great-hearted and tender. Her capacious lap, her strong arms, her broad, pacific bosom had cradled two generations of babies in the writer's family, hushabying their wakeful eyes, charming away their stomach-aches, comforting all their woes, till they thought they found home and heaven and all things dear under the eaves of her red and yellow bandanna and within the folds of her blue-jean gown. All at once Aunt Rosy's health began to fail. She grew worse day by day for a year or more, till she was only a "dark phantom of herself." But to all inquiries what the matter was she simply responded, "It's only a pain across me"—sometimes laying her hand on her deep embosomed chest. And this, says the writer, was the inevitable answer of every darkey on the place when questioned about their illnesses. We quote from the story here:

"Whether there is a sensitive slice across the middle of the corporeal substance of the negro race; whether their nerves are all gathered into a belt about them, instead of being generally diffused as in paler nations; or whether the expression has a large vagueness about it that covers many symptoms and has a sound of dignity to their ears,—it is impossible to tell: the simple fact remains, that this is their one only and inalienable complaint; and Aunt Rosy's 'pain across her' grew worse and worse, till strength and flesh were gone, and her huge frame showed its joints and angles in a way hitherto unknown in her family."

All we shall tell of the story more is that Aunt Rosy's pain across her was cured by a sobbing confession like little Elinor's; she had committed a trifling theft, and pride and remorse had been the cause of her thousand mysterious pains and woes. Her race are like children perhaps, in the comparative development of the "*cerebrum abdominale*," but this may not be against them, for how do we know but that Christ had this very fact about little children in his mind when he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

WOMAN'S TOPICS.

The women of Boston are to have a thoroughly-furnished gymnasium.

The Cornell sophomores have elected a lady student one of the Vice-Presidents of the class.

Miss Florence Nightingale is sixty-six years old and in ill health; but she "thanks God who still gives her work to do for him."

The first woman admitted to the bar of California cared for a family of five children while studying. Her name is Mrs. Clara S. Foltz of San Jose.

Miss Stematz Yamagarva and Miss Shige Nagai are two Japanese girls who, after studying five years in New Haven, have just entered Vassar College.

All the political parties in Massachusetts have a word to say this fall in favor of Woman's Suffrage, and two of the candidates for Governor—Butler and Talbot—are avowed Suffragists.

The working-men, in their new political party, ignore the rights and needs of working-women as thoroughly as the old parties. That won't answer. Remember what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose!

King Alfonso has thanked Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr of Ver-

mont for her sonnet on the late Queen Mercedes. It appeared first in *Scribner*, and was translated into Spanish by order of the Spanish Minister at Washington.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell has edited for ten years the *Legal News* of Chicago—the ablest journal of the kind in the West; and yet the Illinois courts, on the ground that "a married woman cannot make a valid contract," have denied Mrs. Bradwell a license for practicing law.

The *Bulletin*, in illustration of the old couplet,

"Man's work from sun to sun,
Woman's work never done"—

gives the following record of a Vermont housekeeper for the last year: "She made and baked 1,038 loaves of bread, 421 pies, 152 loaves of cake, 108 puddings, and 2,140 dough-nuts. She cooked 2,000 pounds of meat, 100 bushels of potatoes, took care of the milk and butter of five cows, and looked after the thousand and one things which require attention from the housekeeper."

DR. SLADE IN GERMANY

[From the Spiritual Reporter, London, Eng.]

Extracts from a work by Friedrich Zöllner, Professor of Physical Astronomy at Leipzig University.

The following accounts of séances with Dr. Slade, translated from a work lately published by Professor Zöllner, derive a pecular interest from the facts that those who took part in them were eminent professors of one of the most learned universities in the world, and that the tests were so carefully framed as to exclude the possibility of any deception.

It is gratifying to know that Dr. Slade has had some sort of indemnification for the disgraceful treatment he experienced here at the hands of his shallow-brained but vindictive assailants. His integrity has been proved, and his great gifts acknowledged by men far superior, as men of science, to Drs. Lankester and Donkin.—*Reporter.*

"On the evening of Friday, November 16th, 1877," says Professor Zöllner, "I placed in a room which Slade had never entered a card-table and four chairs. After Prof. Fechner, Prof. Braune, Slade and I had taken our places and laid our hands upon the table, a knocking in the table was heard. Writing was given in the usual way upon a slate bought by myself two hours before, and which I had also marked. . . . . The book-slate, after being previously cleaned and a crumb of pencil laid between, was then closed and held by Slade over the head of Professor Braune. The noise of writing was soon heard, and when the slate was opened a long message was found upon it. Whilst this was going on, suddenly a bed behind a screen began to move, and came about two feet away from the wall, shoving the screen with it. Slade was more than four feet from the bed, had his back turned to it and his legs crossed. I put back the bed into its original place. Immediately afterwards a second séance was held, in which Prof. W. Weber, Scheibner and I took part. While the above described experiment took place in the usual manner, suddenly a sharp report was heard, somewhat similar to the discharge of a large Leyden jar. As we, startled by the sound, looked to the quarter whence it proceeded, the bed-screen feel into two pieces. The wooden pegs, more than half an inch thick, were broken at the top and bottom of the screen without any visible contact of Slade's. The fracture was, besides, at least five feet from Slade, who had his back turned to it; but even if he had wished to break it by a side movement, it would have been necessary to fasten it on the opposite side. But as it stood perfectly free, and the direction of the little fibres of wood sticking out was parallel to the axis of the cylindrical peg, it was plain that the breakage could only have been caused by a force working longitudinally. Astonished at a so unexpected and powerful physical manifestation, we asked Slade what it meant, upon which he shrugged his shoulders and remarked that such phenomena sometimes, although rarely, occurred in his presence. While saying this he threw, standing, a crumb of slate-pencil on the polished surface of the table, laid upon it a slate bought and cleaned by myself, and with the spread-out fingers of his right hand pressed the slate against the table, keeping his left hand on the middle of the table. Writing began on the inner side of the slate, and when Slade turned it up there was an English sentence upon it to this effect: 'It was not our intention to injure you; excuse what has occurred.' The obtaining of writing under these circumstances especially surprised us, because both of Slade's hands remained immovable above the table while we observed the writing going on. The above described phenomena, which we had observed on our first meeting with Slade, appeared so remarkable to my friends and myself, and so very remote from our previous notions, that W. Weber and I determined to invite other of our fellow-professors to witness them. We went next day (Saturday), toward evening, to Professor C. Ludwig and told him what we had seen; the lively interest which he evinced induced me to make the proposition to invite two others of our colleagues to my rooms, in order that they might convince themselves in Slade's prestence of the reality of the phenomena. I invited my colleagues Hrn. Geh. Rath Thiersch (Chirurg) and Professor Wundt (Philosoph), in which choice Prof. Ludwig fully concurred. . . . .

"Slade returned to Berlin that same afternoon; but what had been observed in his presence appeared to me and my friends of such a high degree of interest, and so well worthy of a more minute investigation, that we readily and gratefully accepted the offer of my friend, Oscar von Hoffman, to invite Mr. Slade to make a longer stay at Leipzig, and to entertain him at his own house, so that, being in this way secluded from the public, he might be entirely at our disposal for scientific investigation. In accordance with this invitation, Slade again came to Leipzig, December 10th, 1877, and took up his quarters at my friend's house.

"The next morning Slade came to my rooms. I had placed the above mentioned card-table in a room with four large windows (three to the south and one to the west). Prof. W. Weber, Prof. Scheibner, Slade and I immediately seated ourselves at the table, which was placed in the middle of the room, Weber opposite me, Scheibner at my left, and Slade at my right—whilst our eight hands were laid on the table, touching each other, and Slade's crossed feet were under the eyes of those sitting next him. A large hand-bell placed under the table suddenly began to ring, and in the sight of all of us was violently shoved along the floor about ten feet. After a short pause, in which similar phenomena to those recorded above took place, a little table fixed to a door-post by means of a movable iron pillar, suddenly began to move with such violence that a chair standing near it was upset with a great noise. These objects were at Slade's back, and were at least fifteen feet from him. At the same time a book-stand, filled with heavy books, and at the same distance, shook about violently. . . .

"On the same day the same persons assembled in the same room for a second séance. Prof. Weber placed upon the table a small compass covered with glass, the needle of which could clearly be seen by all of us by the bright candle light. Whilst our hands were linked with those of Slade (both of which were visible, and more than a foot from the compass) the needle began, after about five minutes, violently to swing in arcs of forty deegrees to sixty degrees, and at last to turn round in a circle. Slade now got up and went to the window, hoping that the needle would continue to move without his presence, which however was not the case. But when (standing) he joined his right hand again to ours (his hand being at least a foot and a half from the needle), the movement suddenly recommenced, ending with the rotatory movement as before. . . . . .

"In order, finally, to stubstantiate the lifting up of another sounding body from the floor, I had placed in the interior of a cylindrical glass bell of about one and one-half feet high, and one-half foot diameter, a steel ball of about three-fourths of an inch diameter, hung by a silk thread. This bell was placed under the table instead of the hand-bell, and very soon began a strong ringing with unmuffled sound, as the steel ball struck against the glass. As both Slade's hands were on the table, his feet under observation, and had there even been any application of the latter, it would have had a tendency to deaden the sound, this phenomenon could only have been effected by a free lifting of the bell.

"The next day, Dec. 13th, 1877, Slade himself proposed that we should look under the table at the movements of the aforesaid bell, thereby to prove that they took place without his touching the bell. To this end we placed ourselves about four feet from the table; by conveniently placed candles we could comfortably observe all that went on under the table. The glass bell was placed under the table, under the side next to us. Slade sat on the opposite side, and had his feet, which were visible to us all, drawn back under his chair, so that they were about three feet from the bell. After a short time the bell, without any movement of Slade's, began to move in a lively manner, and to roll round on the lower rim of the glass. The steel ball struck in a sliding way against the inner surface of the glass. . . . .

"Finally Slade himself proposed an experiment to serve as a proof that the slate was not previously prepared, and the writing already invisible upon it. He took a slate, haphazard, placed a crumb of slate-pencil upon it, and asked me, as he held the slate half under the table, his hand visible all the time, what I would have written upon it. I said, 'Littrow, astronomer.' Immediately the scratching began as usual, and when Slade pulled out the slate the above-named words were distinctly written upon it in sprawling characters. Now if Slade did not write those words—which from the position of his hand with regard to the characters was *impossible*—they certainly could not have been previously written, as they only suddenly came into my head.

. . . . As we almost invariably, at all the séances (while Slade's hands were to be seen on the table, and his feet always open to observation, in the before-mentioned sideward position), were sensible of the touch of hands under the table, . . . I desired to make an experiment which should prove, in a still more convincing manner, the existence of such hands. I proposed to Mr. Slade to have a flat porcelain vessel filled to the brim with flour, placed under the table, and then to ask his 'spirits,' before they touched us, to put their hands into the flour. In this way would the traces of contact be shown upon our clothes, and at the same time Slade's hands and feet could be examined to ascertain if any were left on him. Slade immediately declared himself ready to undergo the proposed test. I fetched a large china vessel, of about one foot diameter, and two inches deep, filled it evenly to the top with flour, and put it under the table. Whilst we, meanwhile, troubled ourselves no more about the matter, but proceeded with experiments, Slade's hands being visible all the time on the table, I suddenly felt my right knee seized under the table by a large hand, and pressed, perhaps for a second, and at the same moment the vessel of flour was pushed out, perhaps four feet along the floor, without visible contact. I had upon my trousers the floury impression of a large, powerful hand, and on the surface of the flour in the vessel was the impression of a thumb and four fingers, with all the marks and lines in the skin perfectly given. An immediate inspection of Slade's hands and feet did not show the *slightest* trace of flour, and on comparing his hand with the impression in the flour, the latter was found to be considerably larger. . . . Slade expressed in warm terms his pleasure that he had for the first time succeeded in interesting men animated by a sincere love of truth to such a degree in his peculiar gifts as to cause them to enter on a scientific investigation of them. . . . I pasted half a sheet of ordinary writing paper on a rather large wooden board, . . . blackened the paper by holding it over a petroleum lamp, and then laid it under the table at which W. Weber, Slade and I had taken our places. In the hope that we might, as on the preceding day, obtain the impression of a hand, we immediately directed our attention to the magnetic experiment. Suddenly the board under the table was violently shoved out about a yard, and when I lifted it up there was upon it the impression of a naked left foot. I at once asked Slade to stand up and show me both his feet. He willingly agreed. After he had pulled his shoe off, his stocking was examined to see if there were any soot upon it, but nothing was found. He was then asked to have his foot measured, and the length of the impression was found to exceed that of his foot by four and a half centimeters."

[*By the Translator.*—The professor, anxious to find confirmation of his theory of the existence of four-dimensional beings, asked Slade to try whether an impression could not be obtained inside a closed book-slate. He had previously bought a book-slate, pasted a half sheet of letter paper inside, and blackened it with the lamp.]

"I closed this slate, and remarked to Slade that if my theory of the existence of intelligent four-dimensional beings in nature were well founded, it would be easy for them to give the impression hitherto obtained on an open slate, inside a closed one. Slade laughed, and was of opinion that this would be absolutely impossible: even his 'spirits,' whom he asked, seemed at first very much perplexed about this proposition, but at last answered on a slate with the cautious, stereotyped reply, '*We will try it.*' To my great surprise, Slade agreed that I should lay the book-slate (which since I had blackened the paper I had not once let go out of my hands) during the séance upon my knees, so that I could always see half of it. We had been sitting perhaps five minutes at the table in the brightly-lighted room, our hands linked with those of Slade upon the table in the usual manner, when I felt twice, at short intervals, that the slate upon my knees was pressed down without the slightest visible cause. Three knocks in the table announced that all was finished, and when I opened the slate I found inside on one side the print of a right, and on the other of a left foot, the latter the same as that we had obtained the two previous evenings.

"My readers may judge for themselves how far it is possible for us, after such facts, to look upon Mr. Slade as a deceiver or a trickster. Slade's own astonishment at the success of the experiment was almost greater than mine."

The Young Men's Christian Association of New York city sent out thirty wagons one day last week to gather up gifts of bedding and clothing for the yellow-fever sufferers of the South. The necessary destruction of this kind of property has been something enormous in the fever districts.

A life of George Combe, the phrenologist, has been published in London. The famous Dr. Channing is described in it by Combe, who saw the great Unitarian when on a visit to this country: "He is a small, fragile man of fifty-eight, with a moderate sized brain, but fine development of the moral organs, and good intellect and high nervous temperament. * * * * His manner is shy; he asks questions; and only by degrees begins to communicate his own ideas. His brain is not large enough to give him the conviction of his really being a great man, and secondly, his want of a philosophy of nature does not enable him to see with full perception the certain truth of his own principles. His intellect is inspired by his moral sentiments. He is a great thinker, because the moral sentiments are fountains of truth, and he follows them. He has faith, but he appears to me to want that strong intellectual conviction which the new philosophy gives us. He has a sweet expression about the mouth, and is a delightful companion, my only regret being that I saw so little of him."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

They begin to say that Alaska is as good a place as the South of Scotland.

The Democrats cypher some of those Republican dispatches to unravel and print.

Mr. Moody is looking for a revival in himself. His measures are rest and meditation in Baltimore.

Those particular friends of Mr. Tilden have been "translated" and will have to be looked for in heaven.

The modern elevator is making high buildings very inhabitable and thereby very profitable to their owners.

Don't be miserable and let these October days flout you with their glory and splendor. They will do it if they can.

Last month witnessed the arrival of 8,955 immigrants at Castle Garden, New-York, against 6,673 for the same period last year.

India officers, go home to your regiments! The bile is getting pretty well out of you, and you'll be wanted in the Khyber Pass!

Professor Asa Gray, the botanist, has been made a corresponding member of the French Academy, by a vote of 32 out of 40.

They didn't want to be boarded in the Indian Territory. That is what ails those Cheyennes who are on the run trying to get back to their old haunts.

The Glasgow cotton masters have had to reduce the men's pay 7½ per cent.—times so dull in their line. Consequence: 1,000 weavers are on a strike.

One of the Boston schools has an evening class of thirty-two boys who take lessons in whittling to some purpose. It is a cheap course of twenty-five lessons in wood-carving.

Mrs. Besant thinks she had rather live with Besant and his religion again than be deprived of her child. Poor woman. She may not be allowed either.

Attorney-General Devens has ordered the use of troops in Louisiana, Alabama and South Carolina to protect the freedmen during the elections.

Mrs. General Gaines is lecturing to young women on faith and perseverance under difficulties, with illustrations from her own striped, spotted, and checkered experience.

We have touched bottom in the price of sermons, and ministers should expect better times. The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has had his salary raised from $7,000 to $12,000.

The Philadelphian is a more lively cricketer than the Australians. He scored 196, while the men from New Holland only scored 150, and were glad to let it go as a drawn game.

The President's Southern policy has Ben. an up Hill business with some of his friends all along, and it is likely to be a little more so, now that the Senator from Georgia has come out against him.

There are 80,000 Dunkers in the United States. They have two colleges in the course of erection—one in Huntingdon, and the other at Ashland, Ohio. They call themselves "The Church of the Brethren."

The Hotchkiss magazine gun (rifle) has been chosen by a special board of ordnance officers for use in the United States army. Twenty-seven kinds of breech-loading guns were submitted to the consideration of the Board.

The powers will not recognize Roumania until she complies with the treaty requirements respecting the Jews. Roomany is trying to be a little mean about those Hebrews and evade the treaty.

The cypher has become a very significant figure in all the Republican papers, but the Democrats can't make anything out of it. They are too happy over the certainty of having the next Senate and the next Presidency.

The ten thousand persons who have fallen victims of the yellow fever do not represent all the loss. The destruction of crops by neglect, the stoppage of work and trade, could not be covered, it is estimated, for less than $200,000,000.

The Nihilists are a set of Russians who would like to annihilate king, priest, tax-collector, and policeman, everything, in short, except their own sweet selves, and then see if something beautiful would not spring up from the cellar-holes and ashes of their old rookery.

The Russians think they won't be in a hurry to withdraw any more troops from Adrianople. Have notified the Powers to that effect. Skobeloff has said they would keep 100,000 men in Bulgaria and 75,000 in Rumelia notwithstanding the Berlin treaty.

We should like to know what pious influences were brought to bear on those "ague-striken pariahs" of Florida to keep them from selling out the presidency to the Democrats who were on hand with their fists full of money and ready to buy.

If you want to give your husband's wit just the right tang of cynicism and have a happy home, feed him on fried clams and sole-leather. If you can't get the leather then give him the more clams; they have the active principle, and can be depended on.

The Afghanistan affair is likely to be sub-let to the Government of India. Robert Lytton, the Viceroy of that dependency, is said to be a genial man and a brilliant and delightful talker. We shall look to see if he can be a grim and silent doer.

East Liverpool on the Ohio, fifty miles above Wheeling, is heated and lighted by gas from its natural gas wells. No dirt, no ashes. But you may bet the inhabitants of that favored town have n't got away from their old tin cans and cast-off paper collars.

Some of the distillers of Arkansas have surrounded the establishments with rifle-pits, and when the revenue officers come they man the pits and drive the assessors away. The President has decided in this case to exhaust his civil resources before making use of the army.

When the Khedive of Egypt began taking French and English men into his Cabinet, Italy got up and said that she and the other Mediterranean powers ought to have a right to participate in the Councils of Egypt. She was quieted, however, by being told that the appointment of French and English subjects had no political significance whatever.

The balance-sheet of the French Exposition will show a deficit of 11,300,000 francs. But against this is to be set the fact that the revenue from indirect taxes has increased already 51,000,000 francs, and will in the course of the year increase to 70,000,000, principally in consequence of the World's Fair.

A Government dam with locks is now building in the Ohio six miles below Pittsburg, for the purpose of raising the water in that stream and improving Pittsburg as a harbor. If the dam works well efforts will be made to turn the Ohio into a sort of national canal by damming and locking it all the way from Cairo to Pittsburg.

Doctor Congreve, the leader of the English Positivists, has made a rocket of himself by throwing off the leadership of M. Lafitte, the Director of Positivism, whose headquarters is in Paris, in the rooms where Comte died twenty-one years ago. He takes the English Positivists with him and a few of the French. Schism, but not heresy.

Those wild ass colts, the college students, have not indulged in much hazing this year. Had a little at Amherst, though. Thus it is with the intellectual animal: he begins as a wild ass; then he gets to be a hack-horse lawyer, doctor, or something else, just to illustrate the development theory; then he goes to be an angel somewhere or other.

J. K. Upton, Chief Clerk in the Treasury Department, writes thus for Secretary Sherman: "After resumption, National bank-notes will be redeemed as heretofore in United States notes. The legal-tender quality of the United States notes will remain after resumption as before, and the circulating notes of National banks are redeemable in United States notes."

A committee of six clergymen, including the Rev. S. H. Tyng, jr., of New York city, signed by 114 prominent ministers, professors, bishops, of all denominations, inviting Christians to meet at the Church of the Holy Trinity, city of New York, October 30 and 31 and Nov. 1, to listen to twelve carefully prepared papers on the pre-millennial advent of the Lord Jesus Christ. Such a meeting should be a time of refreshing.

In examining the safe of the late James B. Hosmer, of Hartford, the executor found among other curiosities a solid gold snuff-box, worth $500. This box was presented by the city of Albany to Commodore McDonough, in honor of his victory on Lake Champlain, and was eventually presented to the Connecticut Historical Society. As its President, the box was turned over to Mr. Hosmer many years ago for safe keeping.

Williamstown, Mass., has had a Village Improvement Association in operation the last year. It has thereby secured the lighting of the village streets, the planting of wayside trees along the road to a neighboring town, the removal of front fences from many of the houses on the main street, and two courses of lectures, one in summer and one in winter. Balance in the treasury, $50.

The English have concentrated 35,000 men at Peshawur preparatory to invading Afghanistan, and are daily receiving reinforcements. The latest report is that they have an advance in the Khyber Pass. They doubtless think they shall have a plenty of time for a sharp, successful campaign before the winter sets in. They know the Afghans too well to expect any thing but real fighting. The Ameer can raise 100,000 men who love battle above all things.

What is the use in trying to belittle Beaconsfield by pretending that he is nothing but an enterprising maker of sensations. It is our opinion that the great events of Europe make themselves. They are not a spectacular drama put on the stage by this prime minister or that, and shifted from time to time to keep the many-headed mob a clapping. If they are then Beaconsfield is a great man, and you might as well own it.

The English iron trade is gloomy enough. There are over 500 blast furnaces and 3,000 puddling furnaces standing idle in that country. This depression has been caused by the substitution of Bessemer steel for the less durable kinds of iron, and by the introduction of iron-manufacture into the other parts of the world—especially into America, which not only supplies itself with iron, but has entered the markets of the world as a vender of iron.

The elections in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and West Virginia have resulted, so far as the control of the next Congress is concerned, in a great deal of encouragement to the Democrats, they having gained something in all of these States. The Republicans have, however, elected the State ticket in Ohio. The Nationals will have a considerable show in the Indiana Legislature, while the Greenbackers in Iowa have elected two members of Congress—one with Democratic affiliations—in place of Republicans.

The German legislators don't want to hunt the Social Democrats by every means conceivable. They have, accordingly, modified the Anti-Socialist Bill in Committee, giving the accused a more favorable court of appeal from the decision of the police; the offense is more precisely defined; the duration of the act is limited to two or three and a-half years: booksellers and circulating libraries are exempt; Socialist agitators cannot be banished. This last item does not suit the Government, but Bismarck gains no love by his rigor, and it is likely that the more temperate counsels will prevail.

The insurrection in Santa Cruz is said to be due to the amendment of the Labor Act. The negroes were given their freedom about thirty years ago, and from that time up to October 1st they were obliged to work a certain length of time that they might not be dependent on the Government. The Labor Act was amended a year ago so that they were to be paid wages and support themselves. As this was graded to the value of the labor performed the negroes became dissatisfied. Another cause of dissatisfaction was the building of a sugar-refinery, which they feared would deprive them of work, and as the negroes number 20,000 in a population of 25,000 the whites were almost entirely at their mercy.

The *New York Tribune* has by some means or other come into possession of the copies of a large number of cypher telegrams which passed between the active friends of Mr. Tilden in New York city and their agents who were in Florida watching the operations of the Returning Board after the Presidential election of 1876. The translations of these dispatches have been published in that paper at great length, making the greatest bit of political scandal that has occurred for years. Of course we were all very sure that both parties were up to some pretty tall management about that time. The great surprise is that any part of it should be brought to light. From these dispatches it is made plain that the Presidency was for sale in Florida in 1876, and that Tilden's friends would have bought it if they had been prompt enough or if somebody else had not outbid them. As it was, the New York friends accepted the offer and ordered the purchase; but there were a few words left out of the most vital telegram, and before the misunderstanding could be cleared up the Florida Board had made up its returns and given the State to Hayes. In all which it appears that the Southern Republicans were too wise for the Northern Democrats, and that the Northern Republicans were too keen for the whole batch.

The War Department has issued a new general order calling the attention of the army officers to that section of the Army Appropriation Bill, passed at the last session of Congress, prohibiting the use of the army as a *posse comitatus*, except in such cases as may be expressly authorized by the Constitution or Acts of Congress. These cases are set forth in the order, which closes as follows: "Officers of the army will not permit the use of the troops under their command to aid the civil authorities as a *posse comitatus*, or in execution of the laws, except as authorized by the foregoing enactments. If time will admit, the application for the use of troops for these purposes must be forwarded, with a statement of all the material facts in the case, for the consideration and action of the President; but in the case of sudden and unexpected invasion, insurrection or riot, endangering the public property of the United States, or in cases of attempted or threatened robbery or interruption of the United States mails, or other equal emergency, the officers of the army may, if they think a necessity exists, take such action before the receipt of instructions from the seat of Government as the circumstances of the case and the law under which they are acting may seem to justify. In every such case they will promptly report their action, and the circumstances requiring it, to the Adjutant-General for the consideration of the President."

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